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EDITORIAL

Volume 36 No 5

Hmm, we seem to have put together an issue that features even more standout girls than usual. Aside from Club stalwart Sandy showing off what surely remains the most grabbable bum in the business, and regular Stella going in for some poolside self-pleasure to accompany the free DVD (ahem, sorry overseas readers!), we've got more highlights to look out for than a Bucks Fizz convention. Anyone who knows Nikki Blond – or has seen her in action in any of her movies – will know exactly what kind of sexual dynamism she's capable of, and she certainly pulled out all the stops for this shoot. The sight of this sex-crazed kitten crawling across the floor to us is certainly one that'll stick with us for some time. Throw in Nella, Christine's dazzling ladybumps, and a covergirl in Monica who is – let's face it! – perfect, and I think we've done enough to merit a few down the pub now, don't you? – **The Ed.** ♣

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

FLASH HANNAH

When I saw the pics of Hannah in last month's issue I almost fell of my chair as I know a girl who looks just like her and at first I thought it was her! I'm not lying, there's a girl at my college who looks identical to Hannah, and what's more she has a bit of a reputation for getting her tits out in public.

I remember last summer a few of us were playing footie and she walked through the park with her dog. When she recognised us she, she whistled to get our attention and then pulled up her top to reveal her fantastic globes. I can bet every single one of us that saw her flashing her tits put the glorious image in their mental wank banks and went home that night to knock one out over the memory. I know I did. I haven't seen that girl for a while but it doesn't matter now, I'll just make do with the pics of Hannah!

Greg, Harlow

STOCKTAKE THRILLER

After reading through the letters pages of a few back issues of your magazine I felt inspired to write in and tell you and your readers about a recent sexual conquest.

I won't give you the real name of the lovely lady that made it so very special for me because she's actually married and I don't think her husband will be best pleased if he found out about what we did. So, for the purpose of this story, I will call her Faye.

Faye is in her mid-30s and looks tremendous for her age. She's got a lot of gym equipment at home and obviously uses it regularly because her body is fitter than most girls ten years her junior. She has long, straight, black hair which she usually has pulled back in a pony tail and I can also now vouch for the fact that she has a cute Brazilian strip down below.

I work as a delivery driver for a local furniture superstore and Faye is one of the chief sales people there. I see her on a daily basis but as I spend most of my time in the warehouse or out delivering goods to customers' homes, we only get to chat in passing. All this changed though when we had a recent stocktake. As the superstore is open seven days a week we had to do it late at night but being young, free and single it's not like I had anything to rush home for and I was glad for the overtime.

Anyway, it turned out that I'd be taking stock in the warehouse and Faye would be working alongside me. It was pretty boring work counting and labelling every single item in the warehouse but it gave me a chance to get to flirt with Faye. And what a flirt she was! Every other thing she said to me was an innuendo and if I had been the timid type I probably would have gone bright red but I played along with it and pretty soon I was being as suggestive as she was.

After about three hours she told me

POT FUCK

Can anybody join the *Club* snooker tournament or is it just restricted to staff? I only ask because I would love to spend an evening on the baize with Evelyn. She's been one of my favourites for some time now and there are plenty of filthy things I'd like to do to her with my own cue given the chance!

Gary, Rochdale

I'm afraid it's staff only, Gary. Not that it would have mattered. Evelyn might look great but she's rubbish at snooker and went out in the first round. And that's with half of us letting her win!

BALLIN' CRYSTAL!

I love the pussy-filled spread of Cassia and Crystal. Both of them are fucking sexy in their own right but together they make the ideal pair. Of course, I know what would really make them look better – lashings of my spunk all over their pretty faces after they've sucked me off! I think I'd be coming for days if I was ever lucky enough to meet them.
Charlie, Preston

to go and make some drinks in the staff room. I was grateful for the break so I pottered off, made two cups of tea and returned to the most exciting sight I have ever seen. Faye had stripped down to her black bra and knickers and was sprawled across a leather sofa, rubbing her mound.

"Oh, you've found me!" she said in a mock startled manner. "Oh my, what shall I do? I'm so embarrassed."

I couldn't believe my eyes, she was lying there, clearly waiting for it and it took my bulging prick to break the ice as it were.

"You look like you've got something for me," Faye said, pointing at the blatant bulge in my trousers. "Come over here, I want a closer look."

With that I stepped forward so Faye could reach me and the first thing she did was feel my bulge. Then she unzipped my flies and slipped her hand in my boxer shorts. I groaned as she gripped my throbbing prick and pulled it out in to the open. The air was cold around my bulbous head but Faye had the perfect remedy – she took me in her mouth and began sucking.

Now, I've been given plenty of blow-jobs in my

"She licked around my mouth, tasting her own fanny juices"

time but I don't think I'd ever had one as exhilarating as this one. Faye knew exactly what she was doing as she worked my length with her tongue. It was almost like every lash of her tongue was electrically charged and when she grabbed my balls with her hand a shiver went down my spine.

To make things easier for her I unbuckled my jeans and pulled them, with my boxer shorts, down to round my ankles. I also peeled off my T-shirt and when Faye resumed sucking me off she dragged her painted fingernails lightly across my chest.

As she continued to give me head I reached down and unclipped her bra. I threw it to the side then took both her breasts in my hands. They may have seen better days but with her constant workouts they still felt good and I enjoyed kneading them and tweaking her pointy nipples. Faye obviously enjoyed it too as she moaned as well as she could with my cock in her mouth.

After a while I was keen to taste her pussy so I pulled my dick out of her mouth, dropped to my knees and then positioned myself between

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Stella...

...where to stick it!

PHOTOS: VLT

Hi there, readers! Here I am posing by a swimming pool so I know what you're all probably thinking – I'm on yet another lazy holiday in the sun. Well, I wish it was, but I've actually been working really hard to get my DVD finished in time for it to appear on the cover of this very issue of *Club International*. Hopefully, you've already watched it, and after seeing me get up to all that naughty fun you can now understand how busy I've been!

I'd be a liar if I said I didn't enjoy doing all those filthy lesbian scenes, especially considering the gorgeous girls I was getting to grips with, but it really does take it out of you. As you can probably imagine, as soon as the cameras stop rolling we don't necessarily stop working. In fact, I'll let you into a little secret: the scene where I'm on the bed with Beth turned into a bit of a marathon session after the director said "Cut!".

I've always had a soft spot for the beautiful brunette Beth and she knows it, so when we do a scene together she really does her best to tease me and get me horny. While we were being filmed she was telling me how she was going to make me come like I've never come before. That's one big promise to make considering all the sexual experience I've had, but sure enough, with her tongue, her fingers, an assortment of sex toys, and the help of one of the camera men, she certainly fulfilled her promise. That's why I'm desperate for a holiday now – my pussy needs a rest! ♣

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Stella...where to stick it!

Stella...where to stick it!
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

her open legs. At first I rubbed her slit through her knickers but then I pulled them to the side to give myself a direct view of her small strip of pubes leading down to a juicy looking cunt. And then I tucked right in.

Faye obviously had a really sensitive pussy because the slightest touch of my tongue had her whining and wriggling. This just spurred me on and I lapped at her succulent folds, spreading her pussy lips and slurping on her swollen clit. I had her really wet in a matter of minutes although most of her pussy juice was now dripping off my chin.

"Please, fuck me!" Faye literally begged when I came up for air and within a matter of seconds I had changed position and was now pressing my throbbing knob against her hole. With one fervent thrust of my hips I was sunk to the hilt and Faye's eyes bulged appreciatively. From there I started to work up a really frantic pace.

She seemed to love every thrust and each time I pumped into her snatch Faye tightened her legs around me. My face was against hers and she kissed me and licked around my mouth, tasting her own fanny juices, occasionally nibbling my bottom lip.

While I had built up a powerful rhythm inside her she wanted to keep changing positions and we went from me being on top, to doggy style, to the pile driver position, until eventually I was sat upright on the sofa and she was sat on top of me. She grabbed my arms and pressed them down, taking full control of the situation.

I could do nothing but thrust upwards and watch her jiggling boobs as she rode me like she was possessed. The look on her face was a strange mixture of excitement and aggression, like she was determined to make me come. And eventually I did just that.

I tried to cry out as I felt the surge down below but Faye placed her hand over my mouth to muffle me. She had a wicked smile on her face as she upped the pace and caused my orgasm to be a very prolonged one. I felt so helpless as the sperm poured out of my upright prick and spewed into her tight cunt. Faye's eyes lit up as she felt her hole being flooded but she didn't let up on riding me until she had her own climax, signalled by her body freezing and one continuous groan – which echoed around the warehouse – before her body slumped on top of mine.

"The come poured out of my prick and spewed into her cunt"

I was well and truly shattered and I thought Faye was too as my prick softened inside her, but just as I was about to wrap my arms around her with post-intercourse warmth she leapt to her feet and went back into senior role. "Come on Pete, that's the break over, time to get back to work."

I was a bit flustered but obeyed and after getting dressed we were back taking stock as if nothing had happened.

1st place: Natasha eats the trophy we gave her.

POLL PRANCERS

It might not have garnered the excessive column inches this year's *Celebrity Big Brother* race bullying shenanigans achieved but we bet *Club International* readers are more eager to know who has been crowned our girl of 2006 than whether S Club Jo has been driven totally bonkers yet. Well, you'll be pleased to know the votes are in – and we can ensure you there hasn't been any ITV-style vote fixing. It seems our decision to make Stella exempt from the running certainly mixed things up a bit so without further ado, the results are (drum roll, please):

1) Natasha,
2) Sarah,
3) Nikki.

So hats off to our home-grown hottie Natasha, for taking the top-shelf top spot. And also congratulations to S. Sutton of Salisbury who was first out the hat with the winning combo – keep an eye out for a package of dirty DVDs winging its way to you as we speak.

2nd place: Sarah, frilled to come second.

3rd place: Nikki netted the bronze medal.

SPANKY GOES TO HOLLY-RUDE

How hot is Holly as featured in *Club* 36.4? I'll tell you how hot she is. So hot I'd love to have her bent in front of me, naked from the waist down and prepared for a slapped botty. I'm a great fan of long legs and I can just imagine running my tongue from Holly's feet, all the way up her slender pins, until reaching her tight bottom – although given the length of her legs it would probably take some time! I'd love to see her in a pair of fishnet tights and I know you guys can make that happen so I'll be keeping a keen eye on your mag from now on!
Neil, Bournemouth

Since that night I've only really seen Faye in passing and while I'd love to have another go with her I'm a bit worried since she is married and from what I can gather from other work colleagues she's got quite a bit of history of fucking other guys. I haven't told them my little secret though, but maybe one of them will read this and guess for themselves!
Pete, Durham

FINE FORM

I've been a regular reader of your fine publication for many years now and I have never been disappointed with a single issue. It seems each month the magazine is crammed from cover to cover with the finest girls in the world.

My particular favourites over the past few years have been some of the readers' girlfriends. While I appreciate the high standards of your cover girls and centre spread babes I do seem to have a very soft spot for the up-and-coming cuties you feature each month. Sadly I haven't seen many of them again but I can only hope they have gone on to bigger and better things – if that is possible considering *Club* is without doubt the finest magazine in the world!
Giles, Poole
Amen to that! – Ed. ♣

TRESS RELIEF!

If you think her hair is long, wait until you see her legs!

PHOTOS: MAX INTERNATIONAL

When we politely suggested to Susan that she might like to consider getting her hair cut for this shoot, the stare we got back from her was so menacing anybody would have thought we'd just crapped in her handbag. We'd made the suggestion purely from a practical point of view, as we reckoned her golden tresses must get in the way at times, but Susan is intent on avoiding the snip until she gets what she wants…

"I've made a vow to not cut my hair again until I find a man who can fully satisfy me in bed. My quest has been pretty disappointing so far, hence the length of my locks. I want a guy who's amply-endowed, can last for more than five minutes and isn't afraid to go down on me. I'm beginning to wonder if there are any out there, so until I find him, my hair will go unscathed for the time being, thank you very much!"

Fair enough, but the rule obviously doesn't apply to your muff, does it? ♣

The LOWDOWN

It's all here – from scraping from the world's newsbins, to top tips and fanciful facts. If you want to keep your finger on the pulse, you'd better get... the Lowdown!

Aye, lads... there's

NOWT AS QUEER AS FUCK

REST ASSURED THAT THE IDIOT RESPONSIBLE WILL BE PUNISHED

It has long been claimed that Denver International Airport is an "all-weather" facility that would operate seamlessly in blizzards, so when it was forced to close down completely due to snowstorms in January this year, mortified airport spokesman Chuck Cannon, raved like a lunatic to the media that he'd like "to choke the person who came up with the 'all-weather airport' slogan for Denver International". The Press checked back in their files and found that it was Chuck flaming Cannon himself, boasting and bragging in an earlier interview.

IT'S TIME TO CUT THE FAT

Wealthy and successful Chilean artist Marco Evaristti, whom many critics have believed to be a talentless, sadistic and disgusting creep since viewing his "art installation" featuring live fish being whipped into paste in a blender when he pressed the "on" button, recently served dinner to friends at a gallery in Santiago – presenting his patrons and fans with a huge dish of meatballs which had been cooked in fat liposuctioned from his stomach and hips.

"The question of whether or not to eat human flesh is more important than the result," the great man announced (presumably over the din of his dinner guests chucking up.) "You are not a cannibal if what you eat is art."

Fanny Craddock (deceased), Keith Floyd and Jamie Oliver, think on...

LATEST AFRICAN PRESIDENTS TO LOSE ALL TOUCH WITH REALITY...

of Gambia (Africa's smallest country) has long believed himself possessed of mystic powers, but recently he announced that he had received a vision which will – at some point in the future – make it possible for him to personally cure asthmatics and AIDS victims... but only a certain number on certain days of the week.

The vision (allegedly) supplied the President with "secret recipes" based on seven herbs but authorised him to treat no more than 100 asthma patients, only on Fridays and Saturdays, and not more than 10 AIDS sufferers, only on Thursdays and Mondays. Jammeh's previous predictions have included the prophecy that oil will suddenly come splurting out of the ground and make everyone rich, though, since this has not happened, he may not have meant it would necessarily occur in Gambia.

Meantime, much further south, in the increasingly sorry-arse state of Zimbabwe, where inflation is currently running at a mind-boggling 1,593% (which means you would now be able to buy a brick for the same price as you purchased a house and pool 15 years ago), President Robert Mugabe celebrated his 83rd birthday in February at a "ah, fuck it"-style bash costing the equivalent of $1.2 million. Earlier in the month, wailing and sobbing government representatives – who have clearly failed to grasp the concept – attempted to halt inflation by passing a law declaring it illegal.

This, of course, is what Callaghan and Thatcher should have done over here in the '70s and '80s.

URBAN LEGEND...

...OR HARD FACT? YOU DECIDE!

"THE CHILD AMONG THE BRANCHES"

Two scientists were on their way home one evening after fertilising a human egg in the local university's medical laboratory, when the one who was carrying the ovum tripped and the egg flew out of his hands. The two men searched frantically for the fertilised ovum all night, but when daylight brought no success they skulked home with their tails between their legs.

What they didn't realise however, was that when the ovum had flown out of the scientist's hand it had flipped upwards and landed in a bird's nest. There were already several eggs in the nest, and when the mother bird came back she naturally assumed that the fertilised human egg was one of her own and sat on it along with her own eggs, until one by one they all hatched.

When the mother bird saw the human baby, however, it was very puzzled, but still fed it worms. In the end the human baby learned to climb down out of the trees and forage for worms on its own, and it was while it was chewing some worms at the foot of a garden one day that it was discovered by a couple, who took the bird-brained boy under their wing, so to speak, and adopted him. He stopped eating worms but never developed a sense of humour.

That couple's name was Brand, and they decided to call the freak foundling "Russell". He is currently being looked after by Channel Four, which is always happy to collect, fund and encourage revolting oddities and depressing aberrations.

In this month

62 YEARS AGO

Eva Braun's Dirty Knickers.

1945. Adolf Hitler and his wife of less than two days, Eva Braun, committed suicide in Hitler's private suite in the Führerbunker in Berlin in case the Russians got hold of them. After setting fire to the bodies of the Hitlers, Joe Göbbels appointed himself Chancellor and telegraphed Admiral Dönitz to inform him of his new position as Head Of The German Armed Forces.

After dinner, Magda Göbbels poisoned six of their children. Then she and her better half dressed up in monkey-suits and evening gowns, climbed up to the courtyard, and topped themselves. So far so good: cheery-bye and good riddance.

But now comes the strange facts and Soviet furore surrounding the discovery, the following day, of a pair of Eve Braun's dirty knickers by members of the Red Army. Interestingly, the Russian patrol which first entered the almost deserted bunker made no attempt whatsoever to locate Hitler or his cronies.

The last person in the bunker, Johannes Hentschel, a lowly mechanic who had kept the ventilation, electricity, and water running, watched in astonishment as they rushed past him to rummage through Eva Braun's closets – then came running back through the hall shrieking in excitement and brandishing her bras and nylons. Before being marched off, Hentschel was privy to the bizarre spectacle of a Soviet Commissar running up the stairs, giggling and waving Eva's frilly worn underwear over his head.

No records exist of Mrs Hitler's skimpies' fate, but it is almost certain that they were conveyed by special courier to Moscow and presented to Uncle Joe Stalin. To snuffle.

119 YEARS AGO

The Ripper Case.

1888. Royal surgeon Sir William Gull, suicidal solicitor J Montague Druitt, an insane Polish barber who hates women, a spiv named Francis Tumblety, a cleaver-waving bloke calling himself "Leather Apron" and several slippery looking gents in toppers, all hefting medical bags, congregate secretly somewhere in London at the behest of Queen Victoria, the Masons, and the British Medical Association, to lay plans for a mysterious campaign of atrocity murders they intend to carry out in the Whitechapel district in the course of the summer and autumn in the hope that together they can create the world's very first insoluble conspiracy. Their object: to sell newspapers, criminology books, sensational novels and faked confessions – primarily to lay the groundwork for the spurious *The Hitler Diaries* (see above).

EXTRA THE STARS AND STRIPES EXTRA

HITLER DEAD

Fuehrer Fell at CP, German Radio Says; Doenitz at Helm, Vows War Will Continue

Churchill Hints Peace Is at Hand

TOP TEN...

...WAYS TO GET YOUR BIRD TO ENGAGE IN ANAL SEX

1. Bribery (e.g. either a cash sum or a desirable present). If this is not an option, keep reading.

2. Buy her a butt plug and tell her it's a door stop. Suggest that she uses it for the back door. and say things like "she can use it to keep her back passage open". Eventually the subtle messages will filter through into her subconscious and she'll be up for it without being consciously aware of the fact that she is.

3. Fool her into some "fun" sexual role play, where you are supposedly a shining medieval knight and she is a lowly kitchen wench fated to accidentally be taken up the wrong hole. Afterwards, pretend that you genuinely believed her protests were part of the scenario; e.g. "Well, come on, love: it's only pretend."

4. Buy a fancy ring, suggest that you are willing to give her "your ring" if she's willing to give you hers. She may think that you are offering to marry her, so be prepared to lie.

5. Suggest that whatever form of contraceptive you are currently using is not healthy (e.g. you have become allergic to the rubber in condoms; constant use of the pill is risking her health) and that anal sex is the all natural alternative.

6. Try some food play, smearing your partner with cream, chocolate sauce, etc. Stay away from the target area until she is relaxed, then pretend to make a mistake in among the mess and pork her in the wrong hole.

7. Start to act a bit strange, jumping when the phone rings, going off and sitting alone, acting forgetful. When she finally asks what's up, waffle about for a while before admitting that you are dying of a rare disease and confide that you're glad that you took out life insurance so she'll have something when you're dead. Keep the act up for a while and when she finally asks you if she can do anything for you, tell her that you'll only die happy if you could bum her.

8. Try the jealousy ticket – e.g. "Tanya, my ex, loved taking it up the shitter. We were great together... until she was flattened on the hard shoulder of the M1 by a speeding juggernaut." Then sob.

9. When she's out of sight but well within earshot, phone the talking clock and pretend to be pouring out your heart to the Samaritans, whimpering about how frustrated you are that she hasn't been remotely forthcoming in the bumhole department. Wind up your fake conversation by saying it's such a pity you'll have to leave because of this incompatibility because you love her desperately. Yes, definitely say "Desperately".

10. Get her plastered on vodka and undress her, then flip her over on her stomach and do the needful. You can discuss what happened (with the police if need be) when she sobers up.

JEEP THRILLS

When it comes to a rough ride down the dirt track, Christine handles it well!

PHOTOS: JACKS

Just like the vehicle she drives, cute Christine is a rough rider. Which, put simply, means she's one filthy babe. You wouldn't think this to look at her, although deep down you were probably hoping she was, right? We can't blame you, any girl with buoyant breasts as scrumptious-looking as hers should do all the things reserved ladies would never dream of. Like anal, for starters…

"I love getting done up the arse," Christine enthused. "You can't beat the feeling of being positioned doggy style, having a guy clamp his hands on your waist and then a nice firm prick burrowing deep up your rear. Sometimes, and it can be a bit tricky, I try to reach back with a hand to strum my snatch. I like to see if I can bring myself off before the man shoots his load up my bum, but what usually happens is I get so turned on I lose my mind and the next thing I know I've had a string of orgasms and my arse is dripping come!" ♣

club's kit bag

This Month: GPS

Technological essentials for the 21st century chap. JACK BRAND picks out the good, the bad and the ugly of the gadget world...

Navigation; the mastery of which brought fame to the likes of Vasco da Gama, Walter Rayleigh and, erm, Mark Thatcher and something which, as men, we all have an almost supernatural sense for. No matter where we go we always know the right direction to head in, the right roads to take and whether we really actually are bloody lost or not, regardless of what the nagging harridan in the passenger seat says. Which is why we never need to ask someone for directions. Ever.

Fortunately though, for those poor chumps born with an underdeveloped sense of navigation, technology, has stepped up to the plate and given us the modern day miracle that is Global Positioning System (GPS) satellite navigation (satnav), a tiny box of tricks that will guide you from anywhere to anywhere. All hail...

WHAT GOES AROUND

Initially developed by the military to help them lob missiles at other countries, there are now over two dozen satellites in medium Earth (that's where hobbits live) orbit, all transmitting the signals that allow your satnav to determine your precise location, the speed you're going at and the direction you're heading in. So, throw in detailed scrolled maps of the country along with the ability to search for specific locations via postcode or address and, Bob's been down the scout hut again, you can forget the map and the nagging missus – the satnav will soon have you home and dry!

Like a Russian bride agency, there's a wide range of models available, from in-car to personal, with prices that start at around £100 and head right up to the realms of the ludicrous.

So the question is: which one is suitable for a thrusting go getter like you? Well, let's take a look...

THE ESSENTIAL KIT

Acer P630

Price: £240

Visit: www.clove.co.uk

Winner of the Auto Express Portable Satnav Test 2007, the Acer is easily our top choice too, due to its extensive features and low price. Boasting the latest SiRFStar III GPS receiver and a four-inch touchscreen display, it comes preloaded with the Navteq map data (UK and Western Europe), is powered by a fast 400Mhz processor, has Bluetooth for handsfree phoning and there are thousands of Points of Interest (POIs) loaded for when you need that mid-journey meal, sightseeing spot or, erm, brothel.

Evesham Nav-Cam 7700

Price: £150

Visit: www.evesham.com

Offering remarkable value for money, the Nav-Cam 7700 may not be able to make handsfree phone calls due to the lack of Bluetooth, but it does feature up-to-date street level maps for the UK and ROI pre-installed on its 256MB memory, leaving the SD card slot free to play your MP3 files or display digital photos. There's POIs galore and a responsive 3.5-inch touchscreen display.

Sony Nav-u81t

Price: £420

Contact: 0870 511 1999

Visit: www.sony.co.uk

Sony arrived late to the satnav party and its first effort was a bit of a flop. In fact they shouldn't have bothered. However, the mistakes of old have been learned from and this new model is a killer. There's a 4.3-inch touchscreen, Bluetooth for mobile malarkey, a seven digit postcode search, a dead reckoning system that'll keep you in the right direction even when you go through tunnels, a traffic warning system to help you avoid queues and a range of voices to guide you smoothly along. Vincent Pricey, but worth every penny.

Mio P550

Price: around £250

Visit: www.mio-tech.be

A seriously clever bit of gadgetry, the Mio is a PDA that runs on the Windows Mobile platform, so comes with all the usual associated software, it features Wi-Fi to let you surf the internet and check email on the move and, best of all, it's a full functioning satnav with scrolling maps, turn by turn vocal commands, POIs and postcode searching facility. Being a PDA it can also play MP3 files and display pics, making it one of the best bits of kit on Robo-God's silver Earth.

Garmin nuvi 360

Price: £430

Contact: 0870 850 1242

Visit: www.garmin.co.uk

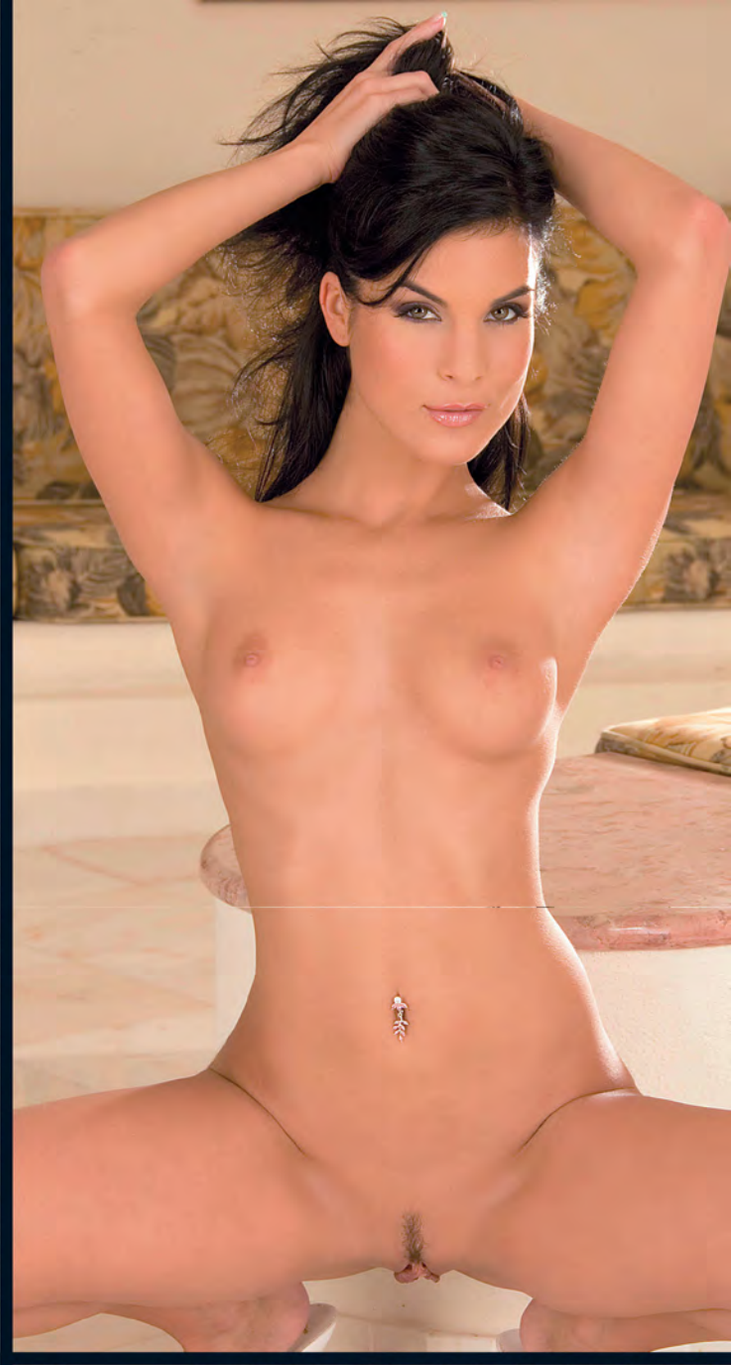
Widely regarded as the kings of the satnav, Garmin's nuvi 360 is something special. Small, slim and light, it nevertheless manages to pack in a large touchscreen display, Bluetooth and full maps of Europe, it can play your MP3s, display your digital photos and offers a language translator, currency/measure conversion and can even be loaded up with travel guides. So, it can get you there, translate everything and guide you around the sights. ♣

Next Issue: GAMING PLATFORMS

WELL I NELLA!

Naughty Nella is keen to 'work' with the best in the biz!

NELLA



PHOTOS: VLT

The last time we caught up with quality crumpet Nella she was expressing her favouritism towards same sex fun. Unfortunately her preferences still haven't changed but don't be dismayed, just think of the potential for all those saucy Sapphic combinations – Nella and Stella, Nell and Sandy, Nella and Adrianna... we could go on, but you've probably got the idea by now.

"I can't wait to start doing some girl on girl photo shoots," Nella admitted. "I always flick through your mag and have fantasies about who I would like to 'work' with. The problem is, with so many beautiful babes, it changes from month to month. One moment I might want to lick out Stella and then the next I dream of being fucked with a strap-on by Chanta. Then I'll see one of the cute reader's girlfriends and I think about dominating them. Can't you just get them all together and we have one big orgy?"

Now there's an idea! ♣

NELLA
clubXtra
For naughtier pics of Nella go to:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

clubXtra
More of Nella naked at:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

We did our bit for this year's Red Nose Day. We recycled all these crappy jokes and guess what? We didn't raise a single penny! See if you can guess why...

Send us your favourite filthy jokes and we could reward you with a crisp £50 note so that you can go down the pub and have a drink with your mates while you tell it! Send your joke to the usual address or mail them to *clubint@paulraymond.com*

WARMING UP

Two young lovers are in a country cottage for a romantic winter break. Since there's no gas or electricity, the guy goes out to chop some wood for the fire. When he gets back, he says, "Darling, my hands are freezing!"

She says, "Well put them here between my legs and that will warm them up."

After lunch he goes back out to chop some more wood and comes back and says again, "Now my hands are really freezing!"

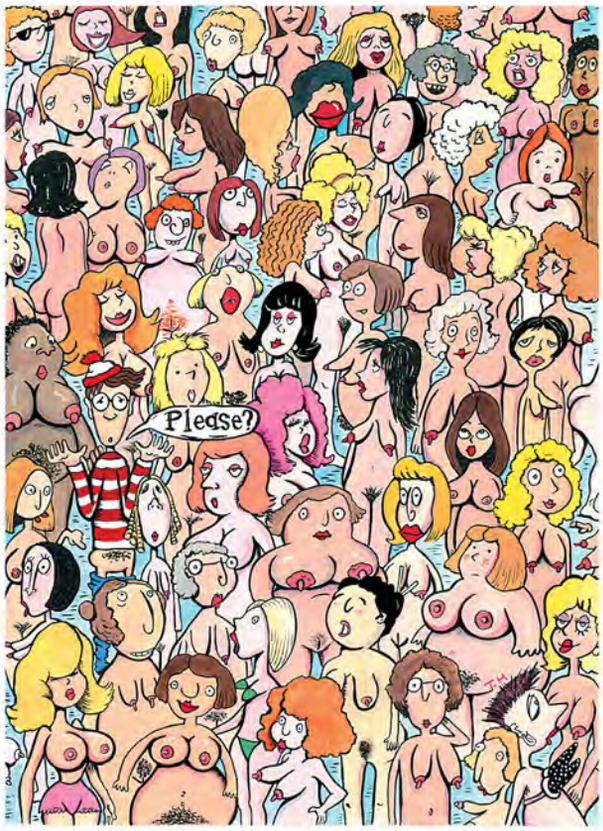
She says again, "Well put them here between my legs and warm them up."

He does, and again that warms him up.

After dinner, he goes out one more time to chop wood for the night. When he returns, he again says, "Babe, my hands are really freezing!"

She looks at him and says, "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, DON'T YOUR EARS EVER GET COLD?"

Shane, Worcs.



Where's Wally's Willy?

WILD PARTY

A banker had been working in the city for 25 years when he decided that he was sick of the stress and quit his job. He bought 50 acres of land in the middle of nowhere down in the West country. His place was so isolated that the postman came only once a week and he went to the supermarket only once a month.

After six months of near total isolation, he hears a knock on the door. He opens the door and a big bearded local is standing there. The local says, "I'm your neighbour from four miles over the hill. I'm having a party Saturday, I thought you'd like to come."

"Great," replies the ex-banker. "After six months of living like this I'm ready to meet some locals. Thanks for inviting me."

As the local is leaving, he stops. "Got to warn you though, there's going to be some drinking."

"Not a problem. After 25 years working in the city, I can drink with the best of them."

Again, as he starts to leave, the local stops. "There's more than likely going to be some fighting, too."

"Well, I get along with people," says the ex-banker. "Don't worry, I'll be there. Thanks again."

Once again, the local turns from the door, "I've seen some wild sex at these parties, too."

"Now that is not a problem," the ex-banker says. "I've been up here all alone for six long months. I'll definitely be there. By the way, what should I wear?"

The local stops in the doorway one last time and says, "Whatever you want. It's just going to be the two of us there."

Clive, Salisbury

IT ALL COUNTS

The teacher asked little Johnny if he knows his numbers.

"Yes, I do," he said. "My father taught me."

"Good," says the teacher. "What comes after three?"

"Four," answers the boy.

"What comes after six?"

"Seven."

"Very good," says the teacher. "Your dad did a good job. What comes after ten?"

"A Jack."

Mark, Coventry

HAVE FAITH

A young lady came home and told her mum that her boyfriend had proposed but she had turned him down because she found out he was an atheist, and didn't believe in Heaven or Hell.

"Marry him anyway dear." the mother said. "Between the two of us, we'll show him just how wrong he is."

Nick, Weymouth

BIG SURPRISE

A mortician was working late one night. It was his job to examine the dead bodies before they were sent off to be buried or cremated. As he examined the body of a guy called Brad, who was about to be cremated, he made an amazing discovery: Brad had the longest private part he had ever seen!

"I'm sorry Brad," said the mortician, "I can't send you off to be cremated with a tremendously huge private part like this. It has to be saved for posterity."

And with that the coroner used his tools to remove the dead man's distinguishing member. The coroner stuffed his prize into a briefcase and took it home. The first person he showed was his wife.

"I have something to show you that you won't believe," he said, and opened his briefcase.

"Oh, no!" she screamed, "Brad's dead!"

Tim, Norfolk ♣

ADDER 'NUFF

An old snake goes to see his doctor. "Doctor, I need something for my eyes, I can't see too well these days".

The doctor prescribes him a pair of glasses and tells him to return in two weeks.

The snake comes back in two weeks and tells the doctor he's very depressed. The doctor says, "What's the problem, didn't the glasses help you?"

"The glasses are fine," replies the snake. "I just discovered I've been living with a garden hose for the past two years!"

Ken, Bristol

LARGER THAN LIFE!

Trust Nikki Blond to specify the size of things to come...

PHOTOS: RUDEBOY

Could it possibly get any more suggestive than this? The delightful Nikki Blond posing against a big, thick pillar. Now we always knew she enjoyed a hard shafting as often as possible, what we didn't realise is she likes them so big...

"Size does matter, I'm afraid. It's always been a case of the bigger, the better for me. I love that moment when a man pulls down his boxer shorts or when I put my hand down the front of his trousers and I find out how big he actually is.

Admittedly I've had my fair share of disappointments but if I've got to the stage where my hand is wrapped around a guy's dick, I usually make the most of the situation. Besides, I often find a cock that isn't saying much in the size department makes up in other ways – like it lasts longer or it provides more spunk."

Well, they do say small ones are more juicier! Ahem, not that we'd know... ♣

clubXtra See Nikki grab a big one at:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

clubXtra For more pics of Nik go to:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT:
www.sexclub.co.uk

special XF

With Jaguar's latest concept, you won't have to take your clothes of to get noticed...

Flashers aren't always dirty old men in macs with their socks on. What about streakers? The concept of running into a sporting arena naked is often regarded as just a bit of fun, but when you turn on the telly to see a nasty, hairy old sac wobbling around in Sky ultra-slow-motion, the owner deserves to be outed as a wrong'un on the front page of the *News of the World*.

If posh slag Lady Godiva had kept her kit on all those years ago, we wouldn't have to put up with middle-aged attention seekers prancing about starkers. A statue of Lady Godiva's hairy gwat still stands proud in the streets of Coventry today, but fortunately the city has been able to move away from its ugly naked roots. Instead of rancid human flesh, it's now known for beautiful automotive creations – thanks to Jaguar. And woe betide any copper who tries to cover up the brand's latest offering, the new S-Type, with his hat!

The car is called the XF, although for now it retains the name C-XF as it has yet to be signed off for production. Following on from the gorgeous XK supercar, launched last year, the C-XF continues the company's bid to reinvent itself as a leader of ground-breaking design, rather than simply falling back on tradition.

Yet that's not to say Jaguar has ignored its heritage in the styling. The C-XF's flowing lines take inspiration from the likes of the 1950 MkVII and 1959 Mark 2 saloons. But the shape is brought into the 21st Century, as the car has the look of a sporting coupe rather than a four-door. Emphasising this is an unbroken shoulder line, similar to that already seen on the new XK, which runs below the glassline and into the haunch over the rear wheel. In profile, it gives the C-XF a muscular look, and this is accentuated by the bold, aggressive grille, finished in black chrome. Narrow, angular, single-lens headlamps are another modern touch, while further back, the bulging bonnet, white ceramic side air intakes and huge 21-inch machined and polished alloy wheels leave you in no doubt of the car's sporting intentions.

Climb inside and the performance feel continues, yet as you'd expect for a model in this class, luxury features high on the list of priorities, too. There's room for four, with each occupant getting a tailored, bucket-style sports seat trimmed in beautiful, high-grade leather and incorporating ventilation cavities.

While the cabin looks like a simple all-black affair at first sight, on closer inspection you realise just how much trouble Jaguar has gone to, with a wonderful blend of exotic materials. Semi-aniline leather, carbon fibre, aluminium, scorched poplar wood – it's all here, and it's mixed carefully together to give a truly eye-catching finish.

Equally impressive is the technology on offer. On the concept, the jewel-like power button pulses on the centre console, and when you hit it and fire the engine, a beam of blue light radiates from the centre of the instrument panel and glows all around the interior. Just as unlikely to make production are the door handles and air vents, which are hidden in the trim until sensors spot your hands moving in their direction. Then, as if by magic, they suddenly appear from behind sliding panels.

What's more realistic for the showrooms is the Dual View display built into the dashboard. As its name suggests, the 262,144-colour TFT touchscreen allows driver and front passenger to see different information at the same time; the guy at the wheel can view sat-nav instructions while his missus watches the latest episode of *Ugly Betty* on her DVD. Meanwhile, with honeycomb loudspeakers developed by Bower & Wilkins, the sound system takes audio clarity and definition to a whole new level.

And there's plenty of entertainment to be had behind the wheel. Even though the car is based on the same basic platform as the outgoing S-Type, the use of aluminium in the bonnet, doors and bootlid ensures has reduced its overall weight. The steering is precise and accurate, and provides superb feedback, while the chassis is stiff enough to provide predictable, agile handling without hampering ride comfort.

Of course, if you want to drive your gorgeous new Jaguar bareback, there's nothing to stop you. Just bear in mind that the giants of car care have yet to devise a cleaner which will shift stubborn skid marks from high-grade leather seats. But there's really no need to draw any more attention to yourself, as the styling of the C-XF, and the lovely sound of its creamy V8 engine, does it all for you. Flasher than the usual BMW and Mercedes offerings, the S-Type replacement is bound to be the saviour of Jaguar. Ah ah. ♣

JAGUAR C-XF **Engine:** 4.2-litre V8, 300bhp • **Torque:** 520Nm **0-60mph:** 6.3 secs (est)
Top speed: 155mph (limited) • **Price:** From £30,000(est) • **Contact:** 0800 708060 or www.jaguar.com

HAPPY MON-DAYS

Girls like this don't turn up every day – but we sure love it when they do!

PHOTOS: TIM FOX/MARTIN PATEK

We know exactly what you're thinking. She's gorgeous, isn't she? Even we've had to pinch ourselves several times to make sure we're not dreaming. It's one thing finding such a perfect example of the female form, but finding one who wants to get her kit off for *Club International*, well, it doesn't happen every day. Once a week maybe, but not every day. Most editorial decisions take a fair few hours to be made but when Monica wanted to know whether she was good enough for our mag, we were saying "yes", "front cover" and "centre spread" before she could get her clothes back on.

"I honestly thought you wouldn't like me because I'm not your typical blonde and my tits aren't exactly massive. I had a few desperate measures I was going to employ if it looked like you weren't interested. It's a shame you decided so quickly, I was quite looking forward to putting them into action..."

Erm, actually we'd better not rush into a decision! ♣

clubXtra
For more of Monica go to:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

CLUB GIRL OF THE MONTH
MONICA
See the pics we couldn't print at www.sexclub.co.uk

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READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Reckon your better half could be one of our best? Then get her to send a picture of herself, along with her name, address and a contact telephone number, to Readers' Girls, Club, 2 Archer Street. London W1D 7AW. If she fits the bill she'll get a top photo shoot and a **£250** cheque, too!

PERSONAL DETAILS

NAME: Anna
AGE: 23
VITAL STATISTICS: 32-26-32
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? It seems she's a very open-minded girl, just how we like them!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO BE IN CLUB?
I made a decision at the start of the year to do some really wild things – and for some reason, being in a porn mag was near the top of the list.

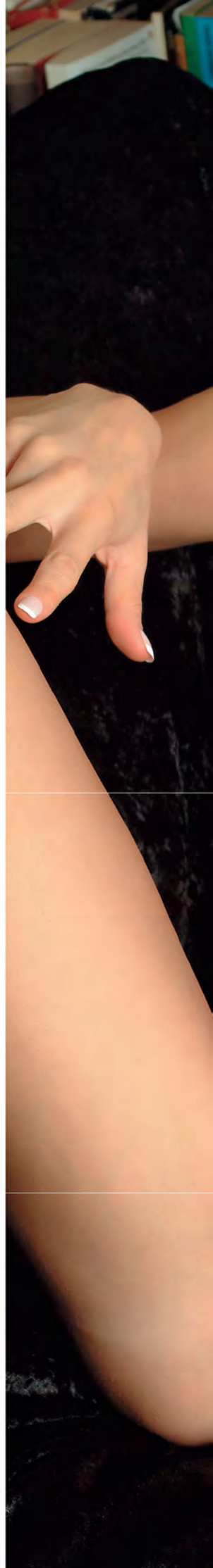
SO WHAT OTHER WILD THINGS HAVE YOU DONE SO FAR?
I had a threesome with my boyfriend and my best mate. It was awesome! My boyfriend couldn't believe his luck when he found me sticking a dildo up my mate Claire's twat. Unfortunately, he was so excited having two girls to fuck at once he didn't last very long.

WHAT ABOUT YOU AND CLAIRE, DID YOU KEEP GOING?
Oh, yes! Claire was munching on my fanny for ages and all my poor boyfriend could do was watch. But it also gave him a chance to take some photos. I wanted to send them to you, but Claire wasn't having any of it!

WHY NOT? IS SHE ASHAMED OF BEING A LEZZA?
Not quite, she just doesn't want her boyfriend to find out. He has no idea she swings both ways and I can't see him being up for a threesome – even though I quite fancy getting a mouthful of his cock.

SO YOU LIKE SUCKING COCKS THEN?
Definitely. I know guys love it when a girl goes down on them – especially somewhere they're not meant to. I've given blow-jobs on the train, in a night club and even round the back of a supermarket. And best of all, I always swallow. I know your readers will be excited by that! ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT:
www.sexclub.co.uk



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HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU MOST LIKE ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 2 Archer St, Piccadilly, London W1D 7AW

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

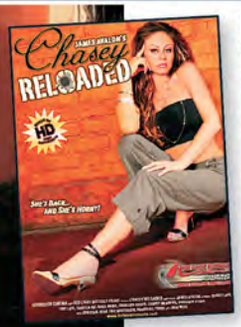
Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Want some top tips on how to spend your lolly? Look no further than Club's top reviews run-down...

STAR RATINGS: ★ FLOPPY ★★ FLACCID ★★★ FIRM ★★★★ FULL ON ★★★★★ FUCK ME!

Chasey Reloaded (Red Light District Films) — DVD



It seems our Chasey's been keeping things under her hat a bit lately. Certainly she hasn't been appearing in many flicks over the last few years, and according to the puff on the back of the box, she hasn't had a johnny-free onscreen fuck for a decade! Well, thankfully she makes up for that here, although she saves it for the last scene, meaning there's quite a bit of other stuff to get through first, including a couple of nice lesbo scenes and a couple of Chasey's chums getting screwed. Sadly, though, the scene that was shaping up to be the best wouldn't play properly, and it looks like a few others have had the same problem, so all in all, best avoided. ★★

Round Butt Sluts 3 (PlatinumX) — DVD

Can you guess what it was about this one that caught our eye? Yep, this is definitely one for those of you who turn straight to Peaches, and sure enough, without any intro we cut straight to some peachy scenes of blonde minx Velicity Von's ass. Finally she crawls over to her stuntcock for a back-scuttling, and the tone has been set. Four more girls get put through a similar trial (although a couple, rather unsportingly, skip the anal), and while it's all single girl/boy, there's a fair old bit of variation in terms of position, angle (there's some good POV) and pops, with a couple of internals and some nice use of a funnel. Lots of shaking asses too, of course! ★★★

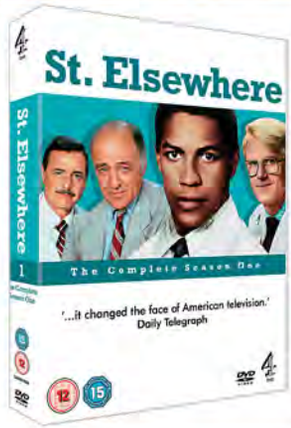
Afro Invasion 2 (The Candy Shop) — DVD

It's always nice when a flick manages to cover two niche markets in one go, and here we get a solid offering that involves interracial (specifically black studs taking care of business) and Asian girls all rolled into one package. And it has to be said, the combination works pretty well. Each scene starts with a nice tease from the girls, after which they're joined by their cock-du-jour for some heartfelt prongings. The opening scene's a strong one, with the cock-tingling Max taking a bumming from her fella until he unloads all over her flat stomach, but to be honest, they're all pretty good. Top marks also go to Lyla Lei for accommodating a good length up her jacksie. ★★★★

London To Brighton (Momentum Pictures) DVD

We've had more than our fair share of cockney gangster flicks in recent years, but thankfully this gritty piece of filmmaking from directorial newbie Paul Andrew Williams is a rather different kettle of fish, focussing as much on character as it does on underworld grime. There aren't many laughs along the way, as out-of-luck prostitute Lorraine Stanley and her underaged protege (a great performance from young Georgia Groome) go on the lam after killing the paedophile boss of a criminal family. Everyone's out to get them, and as the net closes around them the tension is cranked up pretty effectively. Top British fare. ★★★★

St. Elsewhere Season One (4DVD) BOOK



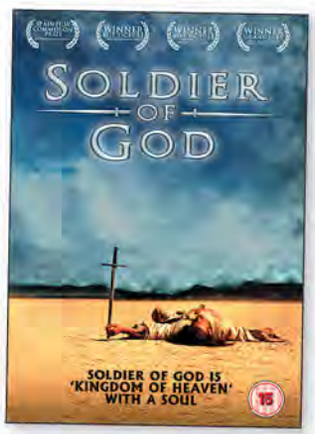
Long before there was *ER*, *Scrubs*, *House* or our very own *Green Wing*, there was *St. Elsewhere*, the hospital-based comedy drama that seems to have spawned an entire genre. During its six season run, it garnered no fewer than 13 Emmys, which we guess puts it in the league of the US TV big hitters, thanks largely to some top notch ensemble acting featuring the talent of, among others, Denzil Washington, Tim Robbins and Ed Flanders. Well, this first season is 25 years old now, so it's high time it made an appearance on DVD, if nothing else so that those with fond memories of it can refresh their memories before they kark it. ★★★★

638 Ways To Kill Castro (Fremantle Media) DVD

Paranoids the world over insist that there's someone out to get them, but then they're just loons talking bollocks. Still, one man who's spent almost his entire adult life secure in the knowledge that they *really are* out to get him is Cuban leader Fidel Castro, who's been dodging American-backed assasination attempts more or less since he was in nappies. This fascinating and alarming documentary essays the often risible attempts the Yanks and their agents made on his life, including exploding molluscs, poisoned cigars and the like, while interviews with the likes of Jimmy Carter add a sobering gravitas... ★★★

Soldier Of God (High Fliers) DVD RENTAL

Well, what with everything that's going on in the real world, it's perhaps surprising that there have only been two flicks about the crusades; this and last year's rather disappointing *Kingdom Of Heaven*. This offering dispenses with the Ridley Scott-esque CGI stuff, and goes for a rather more intimate take on the whole East/West Christian/Muslim thing. Tim Abell stars as the Crusader who's rescued by Hasan, an enigmatic traveller, and when they chance upon the gorgeous Map Galen's secluded oasis it looks like things might turn out for the lads. Still, as Donald Sinden once said, "Never the twain", and all that... ★★★



Black Book (Tartan Video) DVD

Fans of the similarly-titled comedy will be disappointed to find this flick's rather light on surreally drunken bookshop-based blarney, preferring instead to concentrate on the plight of a young Jewish woman who finds herself deep undercover in Nazi occupied Holland. Director Paul Verhoeven might be best known for his high-tech Hollywood output like *Robocop* and *Basic Instinct*, but he first made his name making unsettling Dutch movies, and here he combines the big budgets of one with the home-grown talent of the other to forge a highly memorable movie. If you don't mind subtitles, this is definitely worth a viewing. ★★★★

Midnight Movies (Metrodome) COMP!

THE SHOCKING STORY OF HOW SIX CULT FILMS RE-INVENTED CINEMA
A STUART SAMUELS FILM
MIDNIGHT MOVIES
FROM THE MARGIN TO THE MAINSTREAM
3 FILM DELUXE EDITION
'NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD' & 'REEFER MADNESS'
18

Like Easy Riders Raging Bulls, this is a documentary about '70s movies, but with an underground twist. Looking at works by counterculture stars like John Waters, George Romero and David Lynch, it combines talking heads with some memorable footage, and conjures up an era in which movie houses crammed full of pot-smoking hippies would start screenings after midnight. Whopping bonus discs featuring *Reefer Madness* and *Night of The Living Dead* make it a real winner, and if you want to be too, tell us what Divine ate at the end of *Pink Flamingos*. Answers to *Club's* Copra-Comp at the usual address by May 25th ★★★

Harsh Times (Pathé) DVD

Christian Bale's never less than watchable (check out *The Machinist* and *American Psycho* if you don't believe us), and he puts in another eye-catching performance here, as a Gulf War veteran who, while knocking around LA waiting to see if he can join the police, starts to get into a few scrapes with an old buddy (Freddy Rodriguez). It isn't too long before things start spinning out of control, and once his tasty Mexican girlfriend (Eva Longoria) is thrown into the equation, the shit's never going to be too far away from that fan. Brought to you by the gang behind *Training Day*; if you liked that, this should tick all the boxes too. ★★★★

CHRISTIAN BALE FREDDY RODRIGUEZ EVA LONGORIA
Harsh Times
TAKE A RIDE TO THE EDGE
FROM THE MAKERS OF TRAINING DAY
"Blisteringly intense... Bale is astonishing" -
15
18

Aargh! It's The Mr Hell Show!! (MVM Entertainment) DVD

Anyone remember this? If you weren't too drunk once you got back in from the boozer about 6 years ago, you might have stumbled upon one of the 13 episodes of this adult-themed cartoon series and wondered what was going on. Well, at long last it's got a DVD release, meaning you get the chance to re-watch it and work out where all those vaguely hallucinatory post-pub memories came from. Featuring the vocal talents of the late Bob Monkhouse as Mr Hell, it's a scattergun (and scatological) selection of sketches featuring psychopathic seals, superhero snails and the like. Pretty odd, really, but watchable in parts... ★★★

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CAMPUS CUNNILINGUS

I've only had one same sex experience in my life and while it has to be one of the most thrilling times I've ever had I've never done it again. It was a few years a go when I was still at University and going through the obligatory experimental phase. I'd already slept around with a few blokes, and I'd even had a threesome with a couple of guys, but then I met Danielle...

We were on different courses but she lived in the same halls of residence as me so we used to see each other as we were going to lectures. I struck up quite a good relationship but I didn't realise our relationship would rise to another level after one night out at the union bar.

I'd wanted to come home early as I wasn't too keen on getting drunk that night and Danielle said she'd walk me as she wasn't too bothered about staying at the bar either. As we walked back across the campus to the halls Danielle held my hand. I didn't read anything into this and felt quite comfortable with it actually. Then she asked me a question: "Have you ever done it with a girl?"

"Of course not!" I replied. "I'm no lezza!"

"Oh!" Danielle said, immediately letting go of my hand and looking very upset.

"What's the matter?" I asked, concerned that I might have said the wrong thing. "You're not a lesbian – are you?"

"Well, not quite, but when I met you I felt there was something more between us than just friends."

I must admit I was shocked at first but I didn't like the fact that I may have hurt Danielle's feelings so I pulled her close to me.

"I don't know what to say, babe. I'm sorry!"

"Don't be sorry," Danielle said. "Just let me kiss you."

I should have known there and then that it would be much more than a kiss but still I let her lean forward and our lips met. I closed my eyes and just pretended I was snogging a guy as Danielle pushed her tongue into my mouth. I was just about to pull away and tell her that was enough when I became totally relaxed and realised I was actually enjoying it, so I slipped my tongue into her mouth and pulled her closer.

We must have been kissing for a couple of minutes when Danielle pulled away.

"Wow!" she remarked, looking at me in

disbelief. “You sure know how to kiss! Come on let’s get home quick.” With that she grabbed me by the hand again and we ran towards the halls of residence. My mind was all messed up but I had already decided that I was going to take this further.

We burst into Danielle’s room, closed the door and then our hands were all over each other like a rash. We fumbled to peel each other’s clothes off and within a matter of minutes we were both standing there in nothing but our knickers and bras. Danielle paused and looked at me, “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“What the fuck!” I replied, and placed my hands on her small but firm boobs. The lace bra encasing them felt so delicate but Danielle was soon unhooking it herself and throwing it on the floor. Then she unhooked mine and let my slightly larger boobs flop down in front of her. She leaned forward and flicked one of my nipples with her tongue while squeezing my other boob in one hand. Her attention was much gentler than a man’s and an excited shiver ran down my spine.

We moved over to the bed and Danielle lay me down gently while climbing on top of me. I continued to squeeze at her boobs but then moved my hand down across her flat belly to the waist-

“I could feel her tongue as it sought out my clit, pleasuring my sensitive folds”

band of her knickers. My fingers slipped beneath the fabric and moved down until I felt a short stubble. Then I followed this stubble down to her slit. When I found her opening, my finger sunk in until it located her wet hole. Danielle gasped as I went knuckle deep in her pussy and then started to work my finger in and out.

As I continued to finger fuck Danielle she became more frantic and grabbed at my knickers, pulling them carelessly. I opened my legs to allow her easier access and pretty soon she had two finger prodding at my pussy.

As she was laying on top of me it was a bit awkward to finger each other, just like it’s difficult to wank off a guy when he’s on top of you, but soon Danielle was pulling her body away and slowly moving down the bed. I knew what was coming next and looked down in glee as she pushed her mouth against my pussy. I could feel every stroke of her tongue as it sought out my clit, softly pleasuring my sensitive folds.

Before long all the excitement got to me and I had my first ever lesbian-induced climax. I bucked and wriggled as a wave of pleasure swept through me. Danielle was treated to a trickle of cunt juice and it seemed to make her hungrier for my snatch. I was still recovering when she got stuck in again, flicking her tongue furiously around my clit.

By this time I was eager to lick her out so I pulled Danielle’s body round so that we were in the 69 position. Her shaven snatch hung over my face and I tilted my neck to get a taste of her pussy. Having never been down on another girl before it took me a while to get used to both

the taste and the texture of her pussy, but once I spread her cunt lips and located her clit it was a joyous feast.

I must have been doing it right because after about ten minutes of novice licking, Danielle started to wail. She was far more vocal than I was and her screams of joy must have been audible outside her room. I didn't care, I was having too much fun and kept gnawing on her folds until she begged me to stop.

After a short break to get her breath back Danielle tucked into my snatch again and urged me to do the same. Although I had previously come, I didn't feel fully satisfied and licked her pussy with great fervour while she did the same to me. I felt really proud when I made her orgasm again, minutes before I was brought to a second mind-blowing climax.

I don't know how many times we brought each other off that night, but what I did know is it was light outside by the time our pussies couldn't take anymore. We were so shattered we both missed our lectures that day and while we remain friends to this day we've never had sex with each other again. Mind you, after recalling that glorious night in this letter, I'm feeling tempted. – *Jessica, Surrey*

PULL A FAST ONE

I've recently taken up jogging to try to keep fit. I enjoy being out on my own in the middle of nowhere, and I always try to choose places where I'm unlikely to meet anyone else. There's a hill I like with a dense wood on top, and I thought today of all days I'm not going to see another living soul – there's only me mad enough to be out in such awful weather.

I'd just joined the footpath that runs through the middle of the woods when I saw a girl jogging ahead of me. She looked about thirty, and I could see she had a body to die for. She was about a hundred yards ahead and didn't see

"Her shaven snatch hung over my face and I tilted my neck to get a taste of her pussy"

me, and I enjoyed watching her arse as she ran. Eventually she flagged and stopped for a rest, bending over with her hands on her knees, giving me a fantastic view of her bum!

I had to stop and look, I couldn't help it! Eventually she became aware of my presence and turned around, startled. She knew I'd been ogling, but didn't seem to mind.

I was wearing joggers and she could see my hard-on before I noticed it myself. She glanced cheekily at my crotch so that I became aware that she had seen, and then simply bent over again and whipped down her tracksuit bottoms and panties. Man, I nearly came immediately, I'd never seen such a perfect arse before.

Running up to her I groped her bum with both hands, feeling her wet wiry pubes melting into the moist crevice of her cunt. Breathing heavily she waddled off the path into the bushes with her knickers round her ankles. It was pissing it down and we were getting soaked. I reached

up under her top and began squeezing her tits firmly, tweaking her hard nipples.

She got down on her knees, and I knelt behind her, burying my face in her hot sweaty bum, licking her ravenously from her clit to her twitching arsehole. Her blonde pubes were matted with sweat, rain and cunt juice, and she tasted incredible. I began to drive my tongue in and out of her gaping vagina, my hands squeezing her buttocks, and she wiggled her bum in my face so that my nose started to poke her anus. She was clearly about to come and I sucked and nibbled her clitoris, gently inserting a finger into her bottom to push her over the edge. We were that wet, anything involving moisture was a bit academic, but her pussy gushed in my face till her juices ran off my chin.

"Fuck me," she gasped as her orgasm subsided. She wanted more.

I hurriedly freed my cock and shuffled up behind her on my knees. We were absolutely covered in mud, but couldn't have cared less.

"She wanked my shaft until she'd extracted every last drop of my seed"

I nudged my prick against the entrance to her sopping cunt and drove it deep inside her. She was so hot and tight it was amazing. I was very turned-on and I didn't control myself well, fucking her frantically. Her big sweaty buttocks felt divine slapping against my loins, the hard rhythmic thrustings gathering pace. She was bucking back against me almost as hard as I was driving myself into her, and it was by far the hardest, most intense fuck of our lives.

"Oh my, I'm coming again!" she wailed as I thrust my cock deep inside her. I reached beneath her to grope her tits, congratulating myself on getting fit enough to fuck a girl like this. I took hold of her hips and maxed out my pumping, feeling the come starting to rise.

"Aren't you coming yet?" she gasped.

"Nearly!" I said, fucking her for all I was worth. But she quickly pulled away from me and spun round, taking my pulsating cock in her mouth and sucking me down hard. I put my hands on her head and used her mouth just like a cunt. She was amazing, squeezing my balls hard to make me come as quickly as possible.

The volume of jism I squirted into her mouth was unbelievable, and soon my hot sticky come was running down her chin and onto her top. She wanked my shaft and squeezed my balls until she'd extracted every last drop of my seed, and she swallowed as much as she could. This was one seriously sexy bird.

Slumping along side her, I fingered her sopping pussy until she came on my hand, rain drenching the pair of us.

"What's your name, by the way?" I asked, fingering her clitoris.

"Chloe," she gasped.

Well, we swapped phone numbers and we're now quite an item... so there you go, you really never know where you'll meet the girl of your dreams! – *Larry, Hertfordshire* ♣

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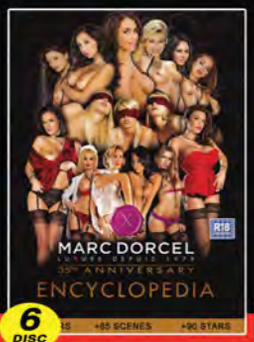

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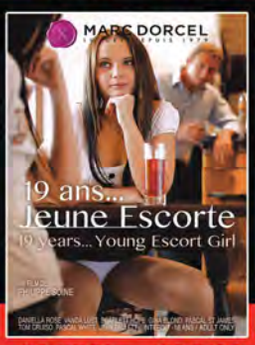

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GIVING IT UP

My new boyfriend is obsessed with my bottom and I knew it was only a matter of time before he tried to fuck me anally. Normally I just want to feel a guy filling my pussy and coming over my big firm tits, but I knew I was going to lose my anal virginity to Jim and let him do me up my bum soon.

One evening I was lying on my bed reading a book after a nice hot shower. I was on my tummy and soon I felt Jim lifting my dressing gown and kissing me on my arse. He's always doing that and it's nice, but I usually take control and fuck him normally before he gets as far as my anus.

This time, however, I decided to let him have his fun. I felt my bum cheeks being parted and his hot breath on my rear entrance. It felt very naughty and sexy, and my nipples started to harden straight away.

Next his wet tongue was on my twitching ring and he was urgent because I wouldn't usually let him do this. His chest was resting on the back of my thighs and I could feel his heart racing as he performed expert anilingus, kneading my buttocks hard at the same time. He teased me at first, just using the tip of his tongue to stimulate my rosebud, but soon he breached me and I felt his tongue darting in and out of my quivering arsehole.

"Lubrication," I gasped, and I started masturbating myself furiously while Jim scurried off to find some lube. The next thing I knew his fingers were stuck up inside me and some strawberry flavoured lube was being pushed up my bottom.

"You're going to like this, Alice!" I heard Jim say to me as he hovered over my body, greasing up his cock.

"You'd better be gentle, putting that thing up my bum!" I warned him because his dick is quite large. It's a bit of a tight fit inside my pussy let alone in my other hole!

Next Jim was on top of me and his penis was gliding between my buttocks, finally coming to rest with its tip nudging against my starfish. I bit my lip and then squealed as Jim eased his manhood right up my virgin bottom, stretching my anus very wide.

It felt like he was in to the hilt but in fact he was only halfway inside of me. With a grunt he pressed further, inserting his cock fully into my arsehole till his ballbag rested against my moist

fanny, and I tickled him while I fingered my clit, my body completely overwhelmed with new sensations.

"Ahhhh!" I cried, my eyes and mouth wide open. I was very close to orgasm and I lifted my arse up slightly to give him better access. "Oh Jim, it's so tight!"

Subtlety isn't Jim's strong point and he doesn't go in for gentle lovemaking. He rams his cock in and out of me very hard until I come, and that's the kind of sex I'm into. But it was a whole different kettle of fish now that my bottom was involved and I hoped he'd take it a little easy – at least at first!

I felt him slowly start to reverse his cock out of me, and just as his glans came to nestle in my sphincter he thrust again, driving his cock back up into my rectum with breathtaking force.

"Ohhh!" I cried again, feeling my pussy running with my love juice. I started to frig myself very frantically, knowing I was about to come. Jim began to build up a rhythm, fucking me up the arse slowly but with long, deep, firm strokes that drove me wild with lust. Nothing any man's ever done to my pussy or boobs has ever some close to this, and I was willing to take the mild discomfort for the orgasm I was about to have!

"How does it feel?" Jim whispered in my ear as he pumped my upturned rear. "How do you like it up your dirty little arse then, Alice?"

"Oh it's so good!" I wailed. "Fuck me harder, I'm going to come!"

He assailed my butt piledriver style. Grabbing my shoulders he picked up his pace and fucked my arse just like he does my pussy when we're really going for it, thrusting in and out of me like his life depended on it.

I came, screaming my head off, and my pussy wet the bed. "Oh yes, I'm coming!" I howled.

"Me too!" said Jim, and next thing I knew hot semen was spurting up my arse for the first time. As I came my anus squeezed Jim's cock, and I used my bum to milk the jism out of his sack until it leaked out of my bum hole.

I've got to say it was pretty mind-blowing stuff and now I'm definitely an anal convert. Girls, if you've never felt a guy empty his balls up your back passage you've never lived! Be brave and give it a try! – *Alice, Swindon*

"He breached me and I felt his tongue darting in and out of my quivering arsehole"

CAST IN THE ARSE

My name's Georgie and I absolutely love sex. I'm the adventurous type of girl who likes – how shall I put it? – testing my limits. As with extreme sports and activities, there are always a few people who aren't happy unless they're taking things way too far. I guess I'm one of them. With me, it's the feeling of taking my sexuality to the extreme. Yet I'm also really devoted to one guy, Tim, and I don't fuck anybody but him. I don't need to. I adore his insolent invasions of my most private regions, and I always let him do whatever he wants to my toned, small-breasted athletic body.

Tim and I like to watch porn films together in bed. Lately, we've been seeing a lot of double-penetration stuff and it's got me thinking – if one fills you up, what would two do? How, I wondered, could such a girl like me get the forbidden thrills of a DP without cheating on her boyfriend? I'll tell you how. I got Tim a plaster casting kit as a joke present once. We spent several evenings making moulds of his knob. After mixing up the solution, I slip the cylinder with the rapidly setting cement down over Tim's long, thick shaft. A little later, we have an exact copy of his beautiful cock, identical and perfect down to the last bulging vein. Now we have a collection in different materials like plaster, wax, etc. We even cast one in clear lucite – we call it The Icicle. And last night, while Tim fucked my pussy, he worked this beautiful homemade dildo up my arse.

I bent my knees to ease entry while he slathered on lots of lube. I was going to get a

"He thrust again, driving his cock back up my rectum with breathtaking force"

double helping of my boyfriend's dick. My holes are pretty tight, and Tim's cock is pretty big, so I didn't know if this was ever going to work. I told him to take it easy on me, to work The Icicle in very, very slowly. Because when your other orifice is already crammed with cock, well, you can just imagine. Having a mirror image of my favourite member already taking care of the other orifice made the whole experience really come alive for me, doubling the pleasure and tossing a few other feelings in there as well. It stretched me out some, but it was worth it.

When we finally had them both all the way in, I was literally speechless. Tim was giving my pussy all he had with his own prick while shoving the false one deep up my bum. At one point he swapped them over – but it was easy to tell them apart. As realistic as the casting is, there's still something pulsating and alive about the flesh and blood one. I guess that's why I put up with men rather than just stay at home with my vibrator collection!

Because Tim had to concentrate on thrusting his prick and handling the fake one at the same time it worked wonders in delaying his own

"While Tim fucked my pussy, he worked this beautiful homemade dildo up my arse"

orgasm, and in what is a very rare occasion I came first. Tim and his twin cocks had succeeded in reducing me to a mass of blubbering, moaning jelly.

The feeling had rendered me incapable of forming sentences – or even words, for that matter. The expanding sensation was almost too much. I just couldn't stop coming, it was just one long, continuous, body-quaking orgasm. It was even a little overwhelming, I mean, is a person allowed to feel this good? I was too close to sensory overload but eventually Tim's stamina subsided and he shook with a mighty orgasm of his own. Falling back and pulling the cast out of me as his own cock erupted and splattered his sticky mess all over my behind and the back of my legs.

I grabbed at the replica dick and sucked it to taste my own juices then I threw it aside and dived towards Tim's wilting prick to lick that clean. He looked more worn out than I was which was pretty rich considering I'd been the one subjected to a double dicking!

Now he's talking about modifying some of our castings so they're even bigger, I think this could get out of hand! – *Georgie, Derby* ♣

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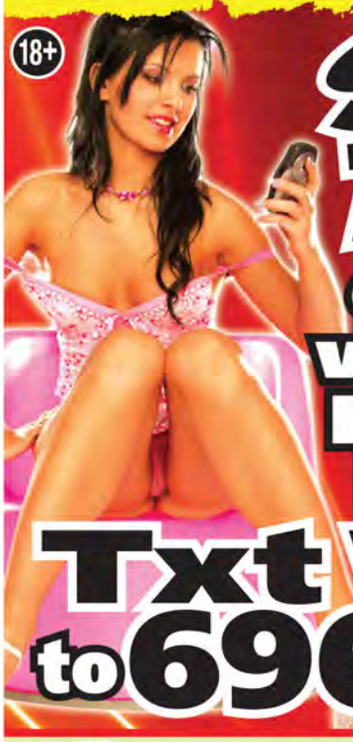

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GOLDIE ROX & THE TWO BARE!

Roxy and Beth always dress – and more importantly, undress – to impress!

PHOTOS: JACK HARRISON

Now we ain't saying she's a gold digger, but beautiful Beth certainly digs her pal Roxy in that gold dress. And so do we. Accessorising with that strap-on dildo really completes the look, and we can't keep our eyes off them.

"Roxy babe, you looking fucking gorgeous!" said an excited Beth.

"So do you," replied her pretty pal. "I can't wait to get you out of those clothes and fuck you harder than any man ever has."

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"OK, it's a deal. Want to shake on it?"

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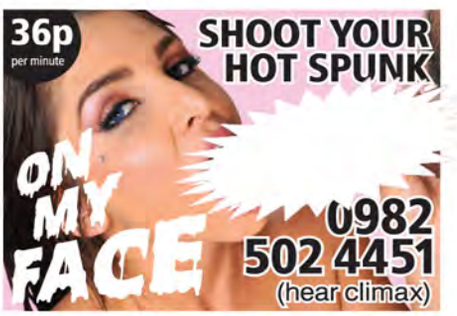

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Arctic Monkeys
Favourite Worst Nightmare (Domino)
Well they don't fuck about, do they? Ten minutes after *Whatever People Say I Am That's What I'm Not* became the UK's fastest selling debut album ever, the Arctic Monkeys management squad have got fat lasses in ASDA uniforms stacking supermarket shelves with the follow up before the kids have time to change their mind. And it's shit hot. There's none of that second album string section bollocks with famous people doing backing vocals and playing tambourine; just a big bag of pub anthems to drink lager and finger girls to.

Chemical Brothers
Chemical 6 (Junior Boys Own)
Always up for a 24-hour gurning sesh, Tom and Ed never fail to deliver when it comes to getting completely off your tits. Get your mates round with a pocket full of pills, stick it on loud, and dance like the biggest cunt on the planet. It's all about the chemicals, brother.

Manic Street Preachers
Send Away The Tigers (Columbia)
Over ten years ago, the Manics decided to have a game of hide and seek and guitarist Richey Edwards found a fuckin' good hiding place. So good, that Bradfield and co still haven't found him. Anyway, the Taffies' eighth LP has been sexed up a bit, they've got that bird from The Cardigans on a couple of tracks and it's a lot less wishy washy than their last few efforts. Don't get me wrong – this is no Holy Bible, but if it means getting a phlegmy blow-job off a Welsh bird, it's worth the tenner.

Wiley
Playtime Is Over (Vital)
Always appealing to the Hackney bother boys and those who greet people with a "Wha Gwan?" in the morning, young Wiley likes to scare the shit out of people. And that he does very well without the use of a Swiss army knife. Giving it large down the microphone and backed up by a truck load of grimey beats, *Playtime Is Over* is not for lovers of Belle and Sebastian but rowdy young whipper snappers in baggy jogging suits will have hours of fun stealing mobile phones to this one. Yes blood. Ya get me? Or something like that.

90's CHILDREN

After supporting Kaiser Chiefs and Jarvis Cocker, Club chats to 1990s drummer and vocalist Michael McGaughrin...

Have you ever done a proper days graft?
I've tried to avoid work at all costs. I've worked in supermarkets, bevvy merchants and a garden centre where I remember spending long periods of time in the lavs. I was propositioned most when I worked in the cloak room of a sticky Glasgow rock club.

Have you ever been done by the police?
I got a caution when I was 17 for being in possession of a crumb of hash. I also got caught nickin' a lump of cheese from the Co-op in Glasgow. The guy barred me from the store but failed to find a tub of mustard in the other pocket. Strictly small time.

Have you ever knocked the fuck out of someone?
Not since school. I was given back an equal measure though. I'm a lover not a fighter.

Please describe one place on this planet that you have been to that you absolutely fucking loved.
I went to New Orleans for Mardi Gras which was excellent and the island of Barra on the Outer Hebrides is a corker.

Where is the best place to go for a stag do
Only been on one stag do in Riga, Latvia, and got in some mess with a Russian mafia fella called Vladimir. Very striking females though.

They're fuckin' cheap as well. What are your favourite porn videos?
I'm not too knowledgeable of the classics of the Stevie Ray Vaughn genre – unfortunately.

So what nationalities of girls have you shagged?
The Americas, Australasia, Scandinavia and Europe pretty much. Redheads from the Scottish lowlands win hands down.

Nice! Have you ever mounted a fat lass?
I have once and wish I could remember more about it.

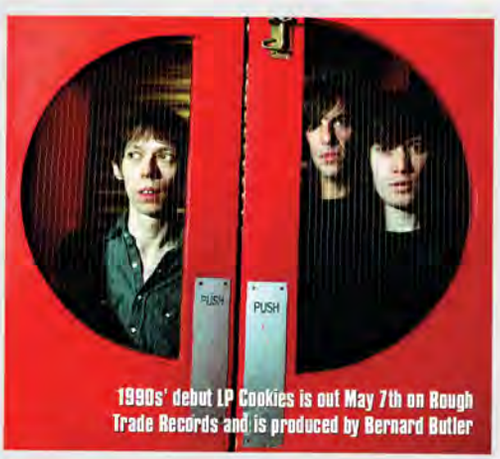
Did you ever do anything sexual with a girl when you were actually at school?
Just a bit of show and tell. I went to an all boys school.

Where is the most unusual place you have had sex?
Against a tree in a back garden. Not that unusual but I spent most of the time watching her mum doing the dishes through the window.

Have you ever been caught having a wank?
My old flatmate walked in on me at it but I was shielded by an armchair. We discussed a matter briefly and she left having no idea of what I was up to.

Tell us one funny anecdote from the Jarvis gigs? Did you get fucked with him?
It was reported in the press that there was a big kick off in our dressing room after the Jarvis show in Glasgow. My lips are sealed.

Fair enough. Cheers fella, keep on keepin on. ♣



1990s' debut LP Cookies is out May 7th on Rough Trade Records and is produced by Bernard Butler

MAY 2007 TOUR DATES

Go and watch a band, pull a girl, take her home, and shag her!

NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB
Oxford Brookes Uni (24th)
Manchester Uni (31st)

KLAXONS
Birmingham Academy (7th)
Nottingham Rock City (8th)
Leeds Met Uni (9th)
Newcastle Uni (11th)
Liverpool Academy (12th)
Manchester Ritz (13th)
Portsmouth Pyramid Centre (17th)

MAXIMO PARK
Southampton Guildhall (1st)
Norwich UEA (2nd)
Brum Academy (3rd)
Sunderland Manor Quay (7th)
Newcastle Uni (8th)
London Astoria (10th)
Shepherds Bush Empire (11th)
London The Forum (12th)

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
Cardiff Uni (11th & 12th)
Newcastle Academy (15th)
Sheffield Uni (17th)
Carlisle Sands Centre (18th)
Preston Guildhall (20th)
Wolves Civic Hall (21st)
Norwich UEA (23rd)
Nottingham Rock City (24th)
Llandudno Cymru (26th)
Manchester Apollo (27th)
London Forum (29th)
London Astoria (30th)

THE MACCABEES
Norwich Waterfront (2nd)
Northampton Roadmender (4th)
Manchester Uni (6th)
Glasgow Garage (9th)
Newcastle Uni (10th)
Leeds Uni (12th)
Sheffield Leadmill (13th)
W'hampton Wulfrun Hall (14th)
London Astoria (17th)

BRETT ANDERSON
Bristol University (1st)
Manchester Uni (2nd)
Wolves Wulfrun Hall (5th)
Newcastle Uni (6th)
Cambridge Junction (8th)
Shepherds Bush Empire (9th)

RUDE GIRL ROCK!

It's so obvious when Sandy's got something to get off her chest!

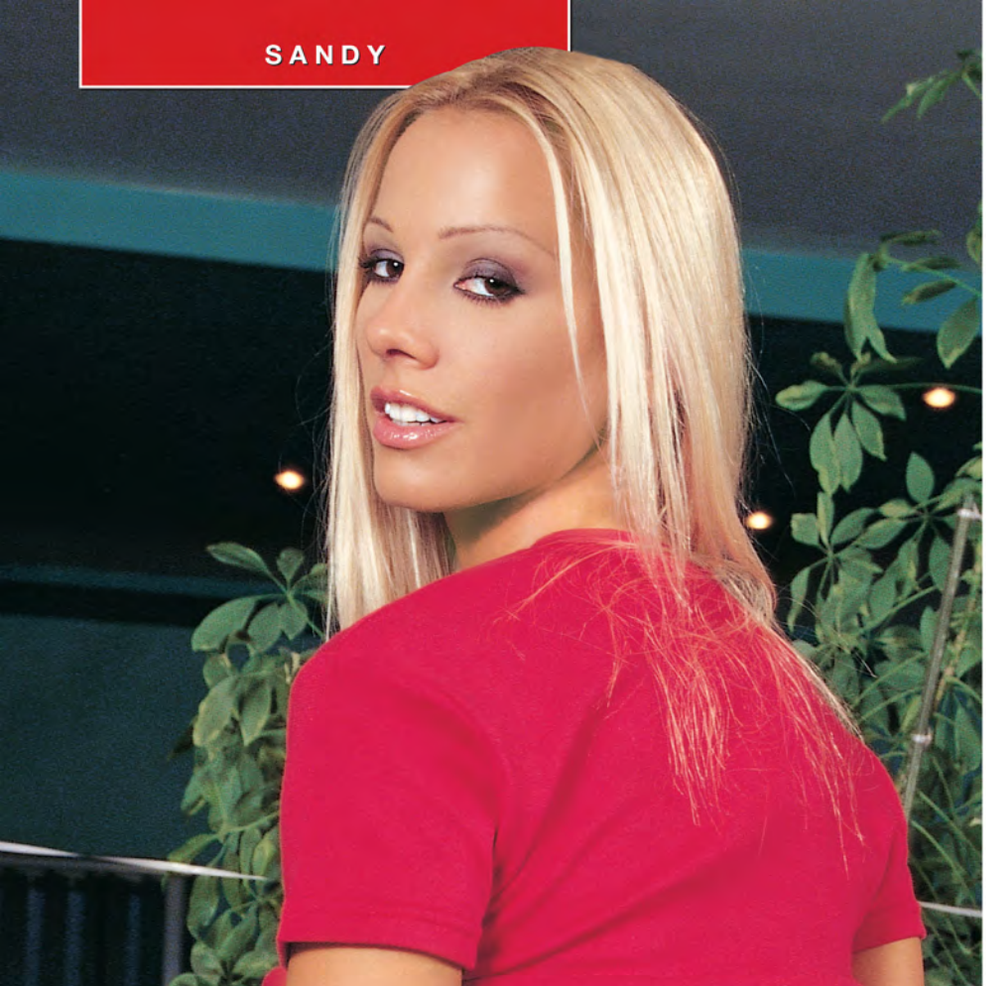
PHOTOS: RUDEBOY

She doesn't really need to be wearing a T-shirt with the words 'Rude Girl' emblazoned across the chest, we already know from experience just how naughty Sandy can be. But for those of you who are unfamiliar with the blonde bombshell, here's a brief reminder in her own words...

"You want me to tell your readers how rude I can be, eh? Well, how about the time I fucked a guy in the back of a limo as it drove around central London. Or then there's the time I sucked three random strangers off in a night club – and swallowed all their come. And don't forget last year's *Club International* Christmas party when you got me to stand in the middle of the room and..."

OK, that's quite enough. I don't think our readers need to know about that! ♣

SANDY



clubXtra
See Sandy spread 'em at:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

SANDY

clubXtra
For ruder pics of Sandy go to:
www.sexclub.co.uk/clubx

STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT THE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

HANGAR BANGER
"We hope you've enjoyed your flight…"

THE WRONG HULL
You don't want your rear to get flooded with seamen.

GET YOUR HOSE OUT
Actually, do you mind putting it away?

DUMPING DUMBO
After the *Blue Peter* fiasco, they weren't taking any chances.

A GOOD & BAD SIGN
There's definitely a conflicting message here.

GOT SOME FRONT
Can we have our balls back please?

DETENTION SEEKER
She'll probably blow her exams too.

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE

ISSUE 36.6
ON SALE
24TH MAY

OH YES, JESS!

How can you refuse some horny high jinks with Jesse Jane?

Come and see Tori in all her glory!

Nikki always does a good turn!

Flaming beauty Sarah has just got hotter!

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0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1605 - 30 SECOND W*NKS
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0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX
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0982 505 1607 - HEAR ME CLIMAX
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QUICKIE SEX RELIEF LINE
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WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET
GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK
0982 505 1491

0909 864 0217 - GRANNY LICKS YOUR RIM WHILE YOU W*NK
0909 864 0254 - VIRGINS 18+ NEED THEIR CHERRYS POPPED THE HARD WAY
0909 864 0264 - MILF F*CKING ON THE CHEAP - UNLOAD
0909 864 0657 - COLLEGE BABES 18+ CRAVE A HARD POUNDING
0909 864 0672 - 40+ DIVORCED UP FOR SEX IN YOUR AREA XXX
0909 864 0683 - DUMB ARSE SLUTS WILL TAKE IT ALL
0982 505 1490 - GRANNY F*CKING HEAVEN - ENJOY AN OLD C*NT
0982 505 1494 - LET ME HEAR YOU W*NK WHILE I FINGER MY C*NT
0909 864 0687 - GENUINE VIRGINS 18+ WANT OLDER GUYS FOR 1ST F*CK
0909 864 0694 - BACKDOOR SLUTS TAKE IT DEEP & HARD IN THE B*M
0909 864 0767 - FRIEND FRIGGED WHILE COLLEGE TUTOR F*CKED ME 18+
0909 864 1013 - LESBIAN STRAP-ON A*SE F*CKIN'! THEY LOVE TO TASTE
0909 864 1023 - SHE KNEELS DOWN & OPENS WIDE TO GET POKED
0982 505 1498 - OLDER LADIES KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HARD C*CK
0909 864 1471 - SHE SITS ON CHAIR LEG FOR SEX RELIEF
0909 864 1474 - BIG TITTED SLUTS PHONE SEX
0909 864 1475 - ASIAN LADIES - TIGHT & FIRM
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